



Edge Without A Home



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Chapter 1 by Paytan Jo

My pencil clattered to the desk. My stationary sat blank in front of me. The potential lover/husband I was supposed to be writing was particularly rude to me the last time he was at the castle. I didn't know what to say to him afterwards. What do you say to someone whom your parents think you should marry but you don't love? Quite frankly, I was ready for a break. I stood, my long dress swooshing around my ankles.

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"Grace, darling?" My mother quietly called to me down the dining room table, "Have you written Prince Saunders of Chaldia yet? I'm sure he's expecting a response from you."

I avoided her gaze and responded "I can't bring myself to write him back,"

My father, King Stephen, looked up from his plate at me. "A princess must do what she doesn't like to do. You must learn that to become a successful queen."

I looked up with a foul stare, "I won't write someone who insults me the way he did." I stood and without being excused, I ran from the room.

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